

**THE IRISH NEWS**—Will be published SATURDAY morning, at 432 Montgomery, 124 cents per week, payable to the carrier.

One year.....\$3 00 Six months.....\$2 00  
Three months.....\$1 50 Invariably in advance

Subscribers cannot have their papers discontinued until they pay up in full for them.

Taking the paper out of the postoffice makes the party liable, although he did not subscribe for it.

**HUDSON & MENET** are our only authorized Agents in the Atlantic States. Office, 41 Park Row, "Times" Building New York City. All orders must come through them.

**JEFFREY NUNAN,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

## PARTED IN ANGER.

"Agnes, you silly little wife, you are not really out of temper about such a trifle! Look up, and laugh, or I shall think you are putting in earnest."

The young husband of two months standing put up his hand under his wife's chin, as he spoke, and strove to raise the pretty face that was hiding its charms under a frown. But Agnes Ray shook off the loving hand and turned away coldly.

"You may call it out of temper or putting which ever you choose," said she; "but I am annoyed with you, and I don't feel at all inclined to laugh. You promised to take me to the Morris's ball; and now, when I have been looking to it, and preparing my dress, and promised myself several dances you say you cannot go because father is ill. He is no worse than he has been, and will probably linger on in this state month after month. Do you suppose I am not to go out all through the winter?"

"I don't know, dear Agnes," replied her husband. "I hope my father may get better soon; but at present he is in a precarious state, and I could not with propriety go to this ball, or let you go. But can you not make yourself happy at home with me, so early after marriage, my darling? You used to say you preferred a quiet evening with me to any ball, and you see nothing of me all day. Will you give me a kiss before I go?"

"Nonsense, Edmund! I never expected you to be so unkind," retorted Agnes, angrily. "I had better have stayed with papa, who never refused me any pleasure, than have married to be tyrannized over like this. I wish I hadn't married."

Edmund Ray's pleasant, good-looking face darkened with pain and annoyance at his wife's frolicsome words, and he struggled to regain his temper before he answered her.

"You are saying what you do not mean dear Agnes," he replied coldly, "and you will be very sorry for it afterwards. I shall come home by the 5 o'clock express, and if you have recovered your temper, you can order the horses, and we will go for a ride before dinner. Good bye."

Leaving the house for the first time since their marriage without a parting kiss, Edmund Ray wended his way to the station, and was soon being whirled along towards his office in London; while Agnes, struggling hard to repress the tears that would force their way to her pretty blue eyes, stood by the window, listening to the sound of the train dying away in the distance. They had parted in anger, and, woman-like, Agnes would have given worlds now to have recalled all that she had said, and to have given the kiss of peace he had asked for in vain. She loved her young husband very dearly, and knew his worth. But she was a spoiled child; and he, in his deep love was fostering her willfulness and impatience by yielding and ministering to her every wish.

Edmund Ray was a barrister, living some 30 miles from London, in a pretty part of that prettiest of countries, Surrey, consequently Agnes passed many hours of the day alone; but never did she feel them so long and wearisome as they were that morning. She ordered the dinner, rearranged the flowers in her vases, wrote her letters, and a note to Mrs. Morris, to say they would be unable to come to her ball, and, long before it was necessary, put on her riding habit, that she might be ready for Edmund when he came home; then ordering the groom to bring the horses round at 5 o'clock precisely, she took a book, and sat down in her pretty little drawing-room, to while away the time till she heard the train approaching that would bring her husband home. She had no fears as to their meeting after their quarrel. She knew well enough that she had only to give a smile to receive him in return from her loving young husband; and, with a happy light in her eyes, she took up her book, and soon deep in its absorbing pages. Ever and anon she would raise her head to listen for the roar of the approaching train; but it did not come, and she resumed her reading. The tramp of horses' feet aroused her, and, going to the door, she found the groom standing there with the two horses, ready saddled.

"You are too early," she said. "It is not 5 yet, your master has not come home."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," replied the man, touching his hat, "but it's ten minutes past 5; and I didn't know whether maybe you'd ride to the station and meet master. The sperr ain't in yet."

Agnes paused, and hesitated. She rather wished to meet her husband quietly at home, that she might tell him how sorry she was to have behaved ill to him; but her pretty chestnut mare prancing and curvetting; and gatering her skirt round her, she said, "Very well

## IRISH

VOL. IX.] SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Baynes. Bring Zuleika near, and you, mount Julius, and walk home from the station."

The man obeyed, and they rode gently to the little county station. As they approached it she saw her father (Mr. Wyniard) who lived a few miles off, riding towards it, and turned her horse to meet him.

"Well, Agnes," he exclaimed, smiling, "are you come to meet your husband, like a dutiful wife? I am expecting Linton down to spend a few days with me, and am come to take after him. How late the express is! I'll run in and see how soon they expect it."

He dismounted from his horse, and entered the station, while Agnes sat outside watching the people coming to meet their friends or depart themselves. Mr. Wyniard stayed several minutes in the station, and when he rejoined her, there was a look on his pale face that made his daughter's heart give a dull thump at his side, and made her feel sick and faint.

"Be brave, my girl, and make up your mind to bear a little suspense," he said, laying his hands quietly on hers. "There has been an accident on the line. The 5 o'clock express has gone over the embankment, and several passengers are killed and wounded. I am going up the line on the engine they are going to send, and I'll bring Edmund back with me. I hope. Trust in God, my child. He may be all safe and sound. Go home, and wait as patiently as you can."

Agnes heard him through. Her heart was beating with slow, heavy pulsations, and a numbness stole over her whole body; but she did not cry or faint. One deep, heavy breath she drew; then, in cold, hard tones, she said: "May I not come on the engine with you?"

"My poor child!" said Mr. Wyniard, "you must not, Edmund would not wish it. Probably he is staying to help the wounded. Go home, my child; I must be off. Be brave!"

She stooped and kissed him quietly and silently; and then, with fixed unseeing eyes, and pale stony face, rode home. Home to the empty house, the loud-ticking clock, and the dull gnawing agony of her fearful waiting! Slowly and calmly she passed up the steps, through the hall and into the shady drawing-room. She took her hat from her burning head and passed on to the window, where she took her stand to watch for what? Alas! poor young wife, not for her husband! She felt no doubt about his fate. From the moment that she heard her father's words a deadly certainty that she should see him no more alive took possession of her. They had parted in anger for the first time, and she felt sure that, by some strange fatalities, they would never meet again.

The sun shone as brightly as ever, a thrush sang gaily in a neighboring tree, and her kitten was playing happily with a floating feather. But life was over for her. Edmund was dead those kind dark eyes closed forever, that loving heart cold and still; The clock a wedding present from her father ticked gaily on, and chimed the quarters three times unheeded by her before the garden gate creaked, and her father, with slow reluctant step, passed up the gravel path. She stood still, merely turning her pale face and dreamy eyes on him as he entered the room. The tears stood in his eyes as he put his arms gently round her, and the hand that took her cold one trembled violently.

"Agnes, my poor child," he said in broken tones, "I can give you no hope. The bodies are not all recovered yet; but he is not among the wounded or safe; and he was seen to enter the train some minutes before it started. Heaven help you, my child! It is a fearful, fearful blow!"

Agnes spoke not a shudder ran through her whole frame and she raised her head and shook it, as if trying to shake off some bewildering weight. Her eyes were dry though the tears fell fast from her father's; and she turned her gaze once more on the gate, as if expecting somebody else to come. Alas, poor young wife! she was looking for that dreadful procession that was to come the shudder, with its ghastly burden, so stiff and still beneath the sheet or cloak that hid it from the public gaze?

It was long before her father could get herto quit her dreadful post of silent watching; but when she at length threw herself on the sofa with wild cries of agony, it was still no terrible to see that white, despairing face, as she raised it, tear stained and convulsed, to her father's saying through the choking sobs, "and we parted in anger!"

Oh, careless words, so lightly spoken! what agonizing fruit were they bearing now! Poor Agnes! they could not induce her to go to bed through that long weary night.

"Oh no, no!" she sobbed. "I must stay up till—oh Edmund! Edmund!"

and the shuddering pause spoke more plainly than any words could speak.

But few such nights can come to any woman; and thank God, in his mercy, such agony can last but one night in a lifetime. The arrow may remain in the wounded heart year after year, but the fearful thrill of its entrance can come but once. The dull, gray light broke at last. The rising sun tinged the soft gray clouds with rose and amber; the little birds twittered gaily and blithely once more among the dew-spangled trees, and life proceeded on its accustomed way, taking no heed of that weary widowed young heart that future robbed of every hope!

Anges thawed up the window that the fresh morning breeze might cool her aching, burning brow, and lean out to gaze with heavy swollen eyes on the lovely scene before her, though all unconscious of its loveliness. Her father, worn out with sitting up hour after hour, in vain endeavors to soothe her wild agony of grief, lay sleeping heavily on the sofa, his wrinkled face looking more wrinkled, and his gray hair grayer in the clear light of the early morning.

Oppressed by the dull stupor that follows excessive weeping, Agnes stood leaning against the window, listening to the whistling of the passing laborers, or the clang clang of the garden's sharpening scythe, as he mowed the lawn, unconscious that his master was a mangled corpse, and his mistress a widow, for he had left his work before the sad report had reached the servants' eaves.

The distant roar of approaching train struck on her ears, and Agnes shivered at the terrible sound, and cowering down on the stone step of the window sill, buried her face in her hands to shut out sight and sound, and all that reminded her of the terrible grief that had come on her young life. She so far succeeded, that she heard nothing of an approaching step on the gravel, but sat on buried in her bitter thoughts, till the sound of her name in a well known voice made her spring to her feet with a wild cry, and in another moment she was in her husband's arms!

"My own Agnes my darling! What does this mean? he asked, in bewildered surprise, which was certainly not diminished by her excited answer.

"Oh Edmund, Edmund!" she cried, "they said you were killed! Edmund my husband!"

"Who did? When?" asked the astonished young man; but he could gain no answer, till Mr. Wyniard, roused from his sleep by his daughter's cry, came forward, and asked how he had escaped the smash of yesterday's express.

"Because I never was in it," he replied. "Did not Agnes get my note?"

"No, Agnes got no note," replied her father; "and one of the passengers told me he had seen you enter the train some minutes before it started. You were one of the first carriers, he said, and they were smashed, and nearly all the passengers killed."

"That is quite true," replied Edmund, with a grave face; "but before the train started I received a telegram to say my father was worse, and to beg me to come to him immediately. I wrote a line on the back of the telegram, and gave it to a Southey, who was sitting beside me, begging him to let Agnes have it at once; but I suppose the poor fellow was killed. I then went to my father who died at two this morning, and as soon as I could get away I came home. So my poor little wife has passed a night of wild woe and misery? Agnes, have you no word for me now I have returned?"

Agnes raised her pale, tear-stained face to his with a look of tremulous joy, too deep for words, whispering, "Oh, Edmund! it made it so truly dreadful to think that we parted in anger!"

A young actress at Paris had a two-sou bouquet of violets thrown her every night, which her gentle tact prompted her to receive graciously. On inquiry, she learned that this gallantry came from a boy of fourteen, an assiduous frequenter of the upper gallery, who had squeezed the price of his offerings out of the very small savings savings. The actress, a kind-hearted girl, was touched by the affection of her modest admirer, and got one of the figures to hunt him out and bring him to her. The enamored youth was standing behind the scenes when the lady of his dreams came off the stage. With a cry he threw himself upon her, much to the astonishment of the bystanders. Was he mad? No; he had seen a tongue of flame creeping round the gauze robes of the actress, and was trying with all his might to put out the fire. He succeeded so well that the girl escaped unhurt, but the courageous youth was conveyed to the nearest hospital fearfully burned.

"By this SIGN YE SHALL CONQUER."—When the Emperor CHARLES adopted his famous battle symbol, he wrote beneath it in hoc signo vinces—"By this sign ye shall conquer." The same inscription might properly be affixed to another sign which is the symbol of thousands of successful battles with the bodily ailments of mankind. "S. T. 1860 X" is the trade mark of the famous PLANTARUM BITTERS, typifies more victories than Constantine the Great ever dreamed of. Victories over dyspepsia, nervousness, general debility, biliousness, fever and ague, remittent fever, despondency, constitutional weakness, and a hundred other disorders and disabilities of both sexes to which the heathen assailants of the Eastern Emperor were a mere bagatelle. Whenever an invalid sees the emblem, let him take the hint it is intended to give him, purchase the elixir, and conquer his complaint.



## WHITE PINE.

We annex the following from a White Pine correspondent, dated March 22d.—The weather this season has been better in the mountains than during any Winter since 1864. I know what I am talking about, because I have lived in sight of this mountain for four years, and have wintered part of one season in this mountain four years ago. There is much less snow than in 1865-6-7; but now comes a new trouble in the shape of mud. Travelers from any direction to this region must look out for mud, deep and long. It snows here about every day for a week or ten days, then it snows again, de capo. The consequence is that at Hamilton the mud in the streets is about a foot deep, and likely to remain so for a month or two. Men and women wade about the streets like cranes in a marsh, stepping lightly to keep their feathers dry. Occasionally a child rolls off a door-step into the street and the mother rolls up her sleeves and fishes out her offspring for the future glory of God, with many hearty outcries of thanks to Almighty God for his timely preservation. Teamsters stand by their teams in the street, with short whip in hand and feet buried in mud, shouting "Ye! Beck!" Beck means his driver is played out, and so she takes her own time. Then the driver curses and swears and says many profane words; but the mud is too deep for passion, and the whip is too short for passionate illustration. Water will be an item in the history of White Pine next Summer. As a general rule side-hill springs are the least reliable of all waters in this part of the state. Some years you and such springs sending forth water abundantly, and the very next year the Indian will dig down the length of his arm to get a single sup. In fact such springs, in about seven cases in ten, are snow scapages. Parties are running cuts and tunnels for water at all the juicy places in this camp. The Luther tunnel contemplates a tunnel some 700 feet long, terminating beneath Sherman town some sixty feet or more. The object of this is to catch the body of water underneath the town, which is now reached by the wells of the citizens at a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet. The works of Walsh are calculated to penetrate the foot hills above Swans, near a series of springs. These water pass over slate and sandstone, and are free from calcareous deposits, being what washer-women call "soft water." Water will be one of the great items of this camp next November if the "good strikes" continue and the population increases. I doubt if there is water enough in this mountain to support its population and work its ores. Hamilton is the county seat—a settler in the snow—two lines of heterogeneous houses flank a river of mud. It is a very busy town, about a half a mile in length by three hundred feet broad. It calculates to be broader when it gets its growth—in fact, the stakes are set so thick, to indicate town lots, around Hamilton for half a mile, that it looks as if intended for a Dutch vineyard. Hamilton is the place where we get what we live on, to wit: whiskey, bacon and flour. Immigration from the north and west land at this point; and the men who went to Frezer River, Owyhee, Idaho, Montana, etc., and have separated years ago, meet at Hamilton—everybody sees everybody that he used to know (but thought he was dead!), and they all take a drink and "bet their sweet lives" upon all manner of former, present and future prospects, a thousand over. Deglutition is the legitimate business of Hamilton, and the deglutients are numerous. Old deglutants wanted me to "bet my sweet life" that Hamilton would be second only to San Francisco in three years. I declined to gamble with him—I was afraid he might win. Hamilton has been more carefully nursed into existence than any of three towns. It early fell into the hands of a few old California speculators, who have left no stone unturned to bring it on the course properly rubb'd down and blanketed. The result is that Hamilton, with inferior advantages, bids fair to win at least the first heat in the race for greatness. Treasure City means all that part of our population who live on Treasure Hill, and is the most popular resort in White Pine District. The base supplies for Treasure City is Hamilton—mostly. The products of Treasure City are weather, silver ore, law and poetry. The first item of these products is truly remarkable. It snows upward and downward, around and around and cross-legged, up there; then it thaws about as soft as half-melted ice cream; then it fogs about as thick as boarding house soup; then it goes

to snowing again. Old Californians are proud to boast of what California can do, but Treasure Hill beats all they ever saw for weather. In fact, the weather on Treasure Hill is simply preposterous. Of the silver ore you already know—it is there, rich and a abundant beyond precedent. Of the law I must tell you. There is much and many lawyers on Treasure Hill. And there is a Court there, upon whose brows sits Justice, with her bandage pulled off one eye and that winking—on a malicious wink, nor a wink of embezzling, to say, "Truth is it these you are!"—a sort of fee-see-fious-wink. Before this Court the best legal talent of the State expounds the law and propounds the question. The Indian ward for fog is "pogonip," and I am afraid these lawyers have come here to be pogonip some of the title to these rich mines. It is a fine field for pogonipping. Treasure City street—there is but one—is crowded all day by a mass of male humanity, weaving in and out, tramping the slush and snow under foot, coughing up the fog and taking a drink. It is my honest belief that not more than one man in ten has any notion of what he is doing, is to or ought to do, or what he came here for, unless to—take a drink. Everybody talks big about "big things" which he owns, or has seen or heard of, or is going to see when the snow goes off. Every body talks about thousands of dollars, town lots, chlorides, claim disputes, putting a head on somebody, shooting somebody, and—take a drink. Blasts are set off in a crowd, somebody sries "look out!" and everybody look up for falling rocks. Teams struggle through the streets, over the stones, hauling wood, for goods and lumber; teamsters curse; dogs fight in the snow-slush; munn gamble heavily; houses are built on stilts, and we all—take a drink. Sherman town is the warmest, sunniest, and least muddy place in the camp. This town is located in a little gravelly flat, at the head of a canyon eight miles long. It is two thousand lower than Treasure City, and several hundred feet lower than Hamilton. It opens to the southeast, and is shut against the west and north by a mountain twelve thousand feet high. It is in fact the only really habitable place in the district. If Sherman town had been nursed with the same Barnum-like skill that Hamilton has been, it would to-day be the leading town of the district. Its natural advantages are many and apparent. Every pound of rock in the district, save and except that of some three or four unimportant locations, can come down hill to Sherman town. The fuel for years, may be cut in the west and north by and drawn down hill to Sherman town—the reverse is the case at Hamilton. But Sherman town early fell into the hands of a small party of contracted minds, who knew neither the qualities of men nor their accumulative power of invested money. Sherman town has water for mills to a greater extent than any place located, or unlocated, in the district. It is not a mile from the Eberhardt and other rich mines, but, for the most part, the property is in the hands of a few men, who are not doing much for the country, and all around us, are becoming soft, softer, softer, and will remain so for several weeks. Business bids fair to be dull here for the next two months. There is too much snow for successful prospecting, and too much mud for mill building; but after the 1st of June things will begin to move, and by the middle of October it will be found that White Pine has a bottom or has not.

For four days past the weather here has been cold, blustering and more or less stormy. Last night it was fairly cold, a driving hail and sleet falling at intervals. To-day we have a terrific storm—snow, sleet and hail, which driven by a fierce wind, neither man nor beast can withstand. The streets are one bed of slush, more than half knee deep. The road in from Elko, which had been in good condition until within the past few days, is now very bad in places, and will be almost impassable in a short time, with very little prospect of its improving for the next two months. The stages, which a week ago, came through in less than 20 hours and later in 24 hours, now takes 34, and will soon require 40 hours, and perhaps more, to get through. The snow lies from four to ten feet deep upon the mountains, and even the foothills are so completely covered that there is an end to all prospecting both in this and in the outside districts, nor can this business be carried on with any success before the month of May, and in some localities not until June. The much dreaded winter is at last upon us, and is likely to be protracted and to prove so much longer than most of its being "disappointed" so long. A life of ten years spent mostly this side the Sierra—three winters wholly in the region, impresses me with the belief that we shall have at least two months yet of extremely stormy weather, increasing the prevailing stagnation in business, and causing the present lull in the upward tendency of prices of real estate to become somewhat protracted and perhaps take a downward turn. At the rates now obtained it would be a hazardous business to buy real estate, either in this place or Treasure City, for speculation or even future business purposes. Vacant lots in the heart of this town sell readily for \$6,000 and \$7,000, while in Treasure City, where the prospects are not so good as they are here, they command even higher prices. Rent, of course, corresponds with these rates, the large profits realized enabling tenants just now to pay the same. Next summer, when labor, freights, and everything else becomes lower, real estate and rent must precipitate in the decline. Owing to the great cost of lumber, but little building is going on, while the high prices of labor deter mine owners from entering extensively upon the work of their development. Although two or three mills are in course of erection, the work upon them lingers and the machinery comes in slowly, owing to the new bad condition of the roads and the enormous cost and even impossibility of getting lumber. I may be asked, why not make lumber from the white pine and fir growing on the adjacent mountains? In the first place it is very difficult to get this timber, of which there is, at best, but little down from the mountains. Oxen, which are alone fit for this kind of work, cannot be kept here, as there is no hay or grass, and these animals cannot be made, like horses and mules, to subsist upon barley. The cost of keeping the latter, feeding them on barley, with a few pounds of molasses, is about \$4 to \$5 per day each. With such fare, animals soon become, in this cold and variable climate, to week to be of much service; hence the few that are kept here and the great expense of hauling, contribute largely towards the present stagnation in business. As it is now obvious that we shall have but few mills here until after the Railroad shall be in a condition to ship freights freely, miners will not care to get out ore in the absence of facilities for crushing them; and, therefore no great activity in that department need be looked for until late in the season; and, as a consequence, nearly everything else must languish and retard. The business of furnishing food and lodging for so extensive a population must, as a matter of course, be lively, the increase of people more than keep pace with the increase of accommodations, hence the prices of everything in this line keep up—a dollar for an ordinary meal, and two for a good meal, being the prevailing rates. Lodging in the more common places is one dollar—good beds two and single rooms three dollars per night. As there is an immense number of idle men here, and a few have made some money out of the mines, gambling is much in vogue, while drinking is fearfully prevalent. Thus it will be seen that while the restaurants, lodging houses, drinking and gambling saloons are highly prosperous, and even the most of our traders, lumbermen, and certain mechanics, such as carpenters, masons, saddlers, cobblers, tin and blacksmiths, are doing a good business, in mining and milling but little is being done; nor are these, the great underlying interests of the country, likely to be developed into anything like a marked activity. It is therefore more probable that real estate here undergo a decided depreciation, and that the sluggishness complained of in this will extend to other branches of business before summer; and while perhaps to advance again and become very active after the mines shall have been more extensively opened and a large number of mills shall have been supplied for crushing the ore. After what I have said it would seem superfluous to advise the mass of people not to come here at present. Many, in writing from this district, and even the local press, in view of the fine weather experienced throughout the past two months, supposing the burden of the winter to be over, have been be-

trapped into the error of encouraging an early emigration to White Pine. But this is altogether wrong. The bulk of working men should not come here before the beginning of June. I am aware that this is more than a month later than the time generally fixed on by others. But I know what I am talking about. I know, any so does every old resident of this country, that we have nothing a constant succession of storms on these mountains throughout all the months of March, April, and May—just such as we are experiencing here at present, and which renders a residence here during these months exceedingly disagreeable, and seriously interfere with all kinds of business, especially prospecting. My word for it, the man who remains at home, living comfortably and earning something in California or wherever it may be, and delays his departure for White Pine till the 1st of June, will do better here than those that come earlier. In fact it should be impressed upon the minds of all—not only the laboring masses, but also the capitalists and business men—that nothing is to be gained by rushing here at present. Let them wait till the weather is good, till there is greater security for health, and more comfort, all prices are reduced, and the mines run somewhat opened, and the chances of all will be infinitely better than if they come here. The weather during the summer and fall is delightful in this region; and even the early winter months are usually far better than the spring, leaving a long season for outdoor labor. There are already by far too many here and on the way, and the really cause for serious alarm is this premature and prospective immigration, is not checked. As it is there must be great suffering here before next summer—suffering not from cold, destitution, and exposure, but from disease, for there is really a great deal of sickness here, notwithstanding there seems a staid effort to conceal it. For three days past I have seen a coffin borne through the streets of this town, and told that the deaths are all from small-pox. I hear also of one or more deaths from pneumonia the present week; and it is fair to suppose that in Treasure City and Sherman town as many deaths occur as here. With the past good weather the health of the community was, no doubt, better than can be expected for months to come, during which we may reasonably anticipate a good deal of sickness, and we know that a comparatively large portion of the serious ailments here result fatally.

A correspondent of the Bulletin writing from Elko under date of March 12th, says: "Each day brings its two to three loads of almost infatuated silver seekers. The mass of them act as if they expected to get the shining metal as the sinner obtains religion—without money and without price. It is so unkind to destroy a moment of their happy delusion which cannot long endure that I always prefer to increase their exaggerated hopes. Yesterday the passengers here en route were greatly encouraged by the arrival of one small silver brick from the land of Great Expectations, and were delighted to know they would all get off the next day to see where it was obtained and the vast number there trying to produce another. The telegraphic reports of passengers being looked one week ahead is not now true unless sent has been engaged in advance by telegraph by those yet to come. All who arrived, yesterday can get off to-day. Four regular lines of stages, and men with independent teams and saddle animals, are making heaps of coin, and of course extravagantly estimate the importance of reaching White Pine, and the sooner the better. The distance is 125 miles, and fare \$40 on the daily stages. And surely it is economy to get away from here. I paid \$2 for one half a bed last night. It is true I was favored with a snooze with a returned White Pine, but with my closest scrutiny I could detect nothing valuable about him, and realized no advantage from the association. The modest man who charged only \$4 per night for a double bed, is keeping the Railroad Station House, and formerly ran a restaurant in Sacramento. Diffidence will not keep him poor, and may not keep him possession of the grub and lodging franchise granted him by the railroad company."

**Antim.**  
On the 10th ult., a fire broke out in the premises No. 40 Castle street, Belfast, occupied by Dr. O'Hare, who, escaping therefrom through a third story window, fell into the street, receiving very severe, if not fatal injuries.

The number of puns of tea entered for consumption at Belfast for the week ending Jan. 9, was 67,723lbs., against 60,610lbs., the previous week.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom House for the week ending Jan. 9, was £14,191 12s. 5d., against £16,507 3s. 8d., the previous week, £15,334 8s. 11. same time last year.

A working-man (name not given) recently committed suicide on the Ormeau road, Belfast. It is said he separated from his wife after the birth of his child, and that for fifteen years they heard nothing of him, then some eight or nine years ago, he reappeared and gave the wife £20, after which again vanished and was unheard of by the wife till his death was announced. Previous to committing suicide he deposited £180 in the hand of a Priest for the benefit of his wife and daughter. It is said also that throughout life he was of a most miserly and penurious disposition.







that of his agent or bailiff? We hope it may be the latter; but as independent journalists we feel bound to hold up to the odium of an honest minded public the unworthy acts of those who—while pre-empting to shun the practice of the exterminator become the exterminators themselves.

## Sligo.

The Commissioners of Irish Fisheries have granted permission to Henry Creswell Esq., to form an oyster fishery on that part of the oyster bed of Lough Swilly, known as Ballylett. There was no opposition, it being granted that the land-lord, Lord Templemore would give his consent to the project. The beds lately formed at Fahan by Mr. Hart are becoming more productive, and it is anticipated that, in course of time, Lough Swilly, which is in every respect well suited for the growth of the spat, will be one immense oyster bed.

## Leitrim.

Late Dublin papers announce the death of the 10th ult., at the residence of his son-in-law, of Mr. Daniel Flanagan, of Leganuer, county of Leitrim, in the 49th year of his age. The deceased was third son of Mr. John Flanagan, and the last of an ancient family in the above place of their birth. His remains were interred in the family burial-place in Drumreilly.

## Down.

The Belfast Observer of Jan. 16, says:—In this day's obituary we announce the death of Mr. James Woods, of Drogheda, merchant. He was a man of strict integrity, of kind and charitable disposition, and highly respected by all classes of his fellow-citizens. His death is deeply lamented by his bereaved family and sorrowing friends.

The Down Reporter says:—The Down Lunatic Asylum, which is a magnificent building, erected at a cost of £50,000 is expected to be ready for reception of patients, in May or June next.

## Armagh.

Michael Shanks, jun., of Lurgan, linen manufacturer, has been gassed at bankruptcy.

## Monaghan.

At the Ballybay court-house on the 9th ult., an inquest was held on the body of a young woman named Catherine Quigley. The verdict returned was "Death from excessive drinking."

The Dublin Gazette, of a late date, contains an order of the Lord Justice for the expenditure of £10,000 on improvements and works to be carried out at Monaghan Lunatic Asylum.

Two little girls, named Margaret and Elizabeth Martin, children of a military pensioner, residing at Mullaghmore West, were recently accidentally burned to death.

## Tyne.

A young man named Robert Johnston, a cloth-lapper in the mills at Woolbrook, was recently accidentally killed while engaged in his occupation by the wiper beam of the engine he was working striking him on the head. The blow caused instant death.

A man of about sixty years, named James Campbell, died on the 12th ult., from the effects of a severe burning he received of Christmas night, when his clothes accidentally took fire while in the state of intoxication, no assistance being at the time near him.

## Derry.

The Derry Journal of a late date says:—Some thirty witnesses, including many of Mr. Dowse's warm supporters, have been summoned on the part of the petitioner against the return of our city members. It was said the petition was withdrawn, or would be at the eleventh hour; but we believe the trial will go on, commencing on the 27th inst. Judge O'Brien will try it and not Baron Fitzgerald, as at first stated. Something occurred to make the judges alter their original arrangements.

## Donegal.

A correspondent of the Derry Journal says:—On the 14th inst. (January), a party of the Cloghan constabulary, consisting of Constable Cahill and Sub Constables Macguire, Tracey and Brown, proceeded to the Glenfin Mountain on a still hunting expedition, and on arriving at a burn which forms the boundary between the townlands of Altahin and Tullytrasna, they discovered a still-house, the roof of which was level with the surrounding banks, and in which was a large vat containing above sixty gallons of wash; they also got a jar of singlings, several sacks and other articles, which they conveyed to the barrack after setting fire to the still-house.

Three young ladies were last evening received as Sisters of Mercy at the Convent of Divine Providence. They were Miss Maggie Sullivan who assumed the name of Sister Mary Catherine; Miss Mary Stokes, who assumed the name of Sister Maria Columbia, and Miss Lizzie Syonott, who assumed the name of Sister Mary Angelo. The ceremonies were very solemn and impressive, and were conducted by Rev. Father McCulloch and Rev. Father O'Farrell.

One day some one said of a very pretty woman whose feet were immense. She's very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement, by proving that two feet make a yard.

The Virginia Enterprise publishes the following extract from a letter to a gentleman in that place from a friend of his in White Pine:

Now, my dear friend, you will say to all our old friends who are thinking of coming to White Pine, that if they are coming with the intention of working for wages, they will take a fool's advice, and stay where they are, and little ground for miles around that is not taken up very little chance to make locations. Men are now going from here to several new districts, distant from 60 to 250 miles, and what bothers me is to know one-tenth part of the people who are coming here will do it. It is all very fine for men to say it is a great country for a poor man. This will do for men who came last Summer, and located town lots and mining claims, and are now selling out at big figures. Because these men make money, they think that everybody should do the same. There are some rich claims here, but by no means so rich or numerous as has been represented. I would write you a great deal on this subject if I thought I could stop even one of my friends that coming here to employment, particularly if he has steady work in Virginia. Now, here is the point: A miner gets five dollars per day, and if he has not a cabin, pays twenty dollars per week for board and lodging, and very poor accommodations at that; and if he tries to cabin, he must pay sixty to seventy dollars for the smallest kind of a stove, and in the same proportion for other fixtures. But there is no use of my saying anything more, as I know that everybody is bound to see the elephant; and I fear that ninety-nine out of every hundred will regret coming here.

A correspondent writes from Hamilton, March 19th, sends the following, which we commend to the perusal of those infected with White Pine fever: Yesterday I arrived at White Pine, the famous, after a long journey of eight days about from Elko. Principal among the pleasures of this town was abundance of snow, twice as much as in shelter against the inclement weather, and a very important item I assure you, nothing to eat more times than otherwise. After getting here I discovered that "Poor Man's Paradise" as the papers have styled this district, is a horrible sarcasm, perpetrated by some unfortunate vagabond and perpetuated through the press. In fact it is about the poorest parallel I ever happened into. Of course there are mines, but these are not for the poor men who are daily arriving. Not by any means. I found it impossible even to obtain work. Fortunately, however, I had scraped the acquaintance of a party on the road who brought some money along, or I should certainly have made home-ward tracks immediately I arrived. On the road I met men daily either returning or making efforts to get out of White Pine. There are inducements for capitalists, for here money will double itself with astonishing rapidity. The mines which are daily discovered are small affairs which hardly pay to work. These daily excitements are very disastrous, because they stimulate further immigration, and this certainly the worst place a poor man ever came to. Meals are worth one dollar piece, beds or even boards to lay on command a similar price, so that it costs at least four dollars per diem to live. The highest wages paid is five dollars a day, and at the end of the month a man would be lucky to have twenty dollars in his pocket, and this, remember, for very hard work and exposure to snow and rain. At night it freezes so that a man exposed during the night might be seriously frozen. In short, my advice to those contemplating a visit to these regions is that they check their fever, with the application of ice to their heads, and with the assurance that even \$30 per month in San Francisco is better than "taking chances" up here, for at best it is only a chance and a devilish slim one.

It appears to be a matter of certainty that we shall receive a visit from President Grant during the coming Summer. Recent letters from Washington, from reliable correspondents, state that the President has announced in positive terms his intention to visit this coast. In addition to this, it is known that invitations have been extended by the Directors of the Pacific Railroad Companies to the President and his Cabinet officers to unite in the grand Overland excursion which will take place soon after the connection is made at Salt Lake. It is expected that Governor Haight and staff, the Mayors of San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, etc., and invited guests, will leave this State for Salt Lake, where they will meet the President, Cabinet officers, Senators and invited guests from the East and return with them to the two tracks which are not connected until some time in May, and the excursion will come off in the month of June. The Governors of Oregon and Nevada and other officers of those States will be invited to join the excursion. It is said that several thousand persons have made applications for tickets for the excursion, but of their demands could not be complied with.

At fourteen minutes to 6 o'clock, P. M., on April 13th, the city was shocked with two slight thumps of an earthquake, accompanied with a rattling jar. All day long men, women and children had been on the qui vivo to prevent themselves from being laughed at on this day of all travesty; but in an instant all was forgotten, and into the street each tumbled from afright, expecting the counting room, building and dwelling to rattle about their heads.

## THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO DESTROYED!!

Leave off Chewing and Smoking the Poisonous Weed Tobacco.

## ORTON'S PREPARATION!! ESTABLISHED 1866.

One box of **ORTON'S PREPARATION** is warranted to destroy the appetite for Tobacco, in any man, no matter how strong the habit is in any case. It is a harmless, pleasant, and perfectly safe remedy. It is almost impossible to break the habit of using Tobacco, by mere exercise of the will, or by the use of any other remedy. **ORTON'S PREPARATION** is a powerful, pleasant, and perfectly safe remedy. It is almost impossible to break the habit of using Tobacco, by mere exercise of the will, or by the use of any other remedy. **ORTON'S PREPARATION** is a powerful, pleasant, and perfectly safe remedy. It is almost impossible to break the habit of using Tobacco, by mere exercise of the will, or by the use of any other remedy.

The time taken to allay all desires for Tobacco by the use of the Preparation varies slightly in different persons, the average time being about five days. Some have no desire for Tobacco whatever after using the Preparation two days.

The Health and Pulse of every Tobacco user in the country calls loudly, Abandon the use of Tobacco.

## RECOMMENDATIONS.

The following are the few selected from the multitude of recommendations in our possession. We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we have used **ORTON'S PREPARATION** for the purpose of destroying the appetite for Tobacco, and can assure those who are suffering from this habit that **ORTON'S PREPARATION** will certainly destroy the appetite for Tobacco quickly and permanently, and without any bad effect upon the health, and without creating an appetite either for the preparation or any substitute.

W. P. Heald, Bangor, Maine; J. Moody, Southport, Indiana; E. W. Atkins, Knoxville, Tenn.; John Merrill, Bangor, Maine; J. Bunch, Springfield, Tenn.; W. D. Harrington, West Point, Georgia; From Samuel Cassiday, Editor Journal and Argus, Petaluma, California, Dec. 13, 1865. For about twenty years I had used tobacco in its various forms, and for the past eight years had been an inveterate smoker. Becoming satisfied that the excessive use of this narcotic was impairing my health, I determined, if possible, to break myself of the habit. Hearing of **ORTON'S PREPARATION** for destroying the appetite for tobacco, I sent to Portland, Me. for a box of the medicine, which I received through the mail, on the 17th of November. A month has not elapsed and yet the medicine has effectually relieved me from any craving or desire to use tobacco in any form, the Preparation is not more difficult or unpleasant to take than common chewing gum. I conscientiously believe the Preparation to be the best of its kind, and I give a fair trial. Upon that belief, and from an honest desire to assist others who wish to break away from the slavish appetite for tobacco, I offer this testimonial. **SAMUEL CASSIDAY.**

**Beware of Counterfeits and all articles purporting to be like this, of the same name or otherwise. The great popularity of **ORTON'S PREPARATION** has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles. Purchasers will please order directly from the proprietor, or his duly authorized Agents.**

The price of **ORTON'S PREPARATION** is \$2.00 per box, or three boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail to any part of the country, securely sealed from observation, with passage paid on receipt of price.

How to send money by mail.—Enclose the amount in a letter, seal carefully, register the letter and take a receipt for it of your Postmaster. Money sent by mail as above directed at my risk.

Address C. B. COITON, Proprietor, Box 1748, Portland, Maine.

## CLARK'S NEW METHOD

FOR Melodians and Reed Organs

## JUST PUBLISHED.

A Comprehensive System of Instruction, and an Improvement on all other Methods for the Simplicity and Progressive character of its Studies. Exercises, Scales, Voluntaries, and Recreative Pieces,—containing an admirable selection of Choice Pieces of every grade of difficulty, from favorite and popular authors; adopting for Reed Organs the System so successfully carried out for the Piano Forte in "Richardson's New Method" for the latter instrument. Arranged expressly for Cabinet, American, Metropolitan, British & Co., Cornet & Needham, Bartlett, Esq., and all other Reed Organs; also for the Melodion and Harmonium. By WILLIAM H. CLARK, Author of "The American Organ Instructor." Price in Boards, \$2.50. Sent postpaid. O. DITSON & CO., 277 Washington street, Boston. C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

## PAIN KILLER!

THE GREAT

## Family Medicine of the Age

Taken Internally, it Cures

Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach.

Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, it Cures

Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Sprains, Toothache, Pains in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Erupted Eczema, &c., &c.

A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.—It is not a gilded pill to delight the eye or please the fancy, but it is a true medicine placed in the hands of the people for their relief, and no person can take it according to the directions, and remain long unwell. It may seem incredible that many cases considered hopelessly incurable, have been frequently cured in a few days or weeks, and we cheerfully invite the investigation of the liberal minded and scientific to the cures it has made. Such is Dr. Walker's Vegetable Vinegar Bitters, a safe and harmless remedy. Buy it, try it and be cured.

To make home pleasant should be the aim and study of every man and woman. The means for the accomplishment of this desired object, are diverse and varied as the dispositions of human beings. Very few realize that the many petty ills arise from so slight a cause, or that the many happy reunions and pleasant home hours are marred from so little a thing as the neglect of preserving the teeth, and keeping the breath sweet and agreeable. To secure these advantages there is no other dentifrice so pleasant and convenient as Dr. Spencer's Fragrant Sapone.

The IXL Wild Grape Root Bitters are the surest and best cure for dyspepsia. They increase appetite, give tone to the stomach, and invigorate the system. Dr. Henley is fortunate to have discovered and prepared this excellent tonic from the Wild Grape Root. Its great properties are giving it immense popularity and sale. The genuine article can be got at 518 Front street, and from authorized agents. Beware of counterfeits.

Dr. Henley's Spiced Wine Bitters are made from pure California Wine and the most wholesome spices. As a drink it is most pleasant and agreeable. Prepared by the doctor, himself, and for sale at 518 Front street.

## J. W. TUCKER &amp; CO.

It is with pleasure we introduce J. W. Tucker & Co's advertisement to the notice of our readers. Mr. Tucker is an old San Francisco man, by industry and skill, has succeeded in establishing in our midst, one of the finest and best Jewelry Establishments. For Watches, Gold and Silver Ware, and all manner of Jewelry, this house has no equal upon this coast, and scarcely a superior in the Eastern cities. Prices are also very low, and parties dealing there may rely on what Mr. Tucker says about his goods. Orders from the country, addressed to Tucker & Co., promptly filled. If the goods are not as represented, the money will be returned. We recommend this house to general patronage.

## J. W. TUCKER &amp; CO.

OFFER FOR SALE

SMALL ADVANCE

OVER

Importation Prices!

WATCHES AND CHAINS,

BRACELETS AND NECKLACES

PINS AND EAR-RINGS,

DIAMONDS, PEARLS AND RUBIES.

Gold Match Boxes;

Malachite and Corals;

Jess and Onyx;

Egyptian and Florentine Mosses;

Chrysolite and Turquoise;

Diamonds and Rubies;

Emeralds and Diamonds;

Canes and Diamonds;

Pearl and Cameo.

Gold Match Boxes;

Tobacco Boxes;

Cigar Cases;

Port Monies;

Handkerchief Holders;

Boquet Holders.

SCARF AND BOSOM PINS,

DIAMOND AND OTHER STONES.

RINGS,

DIAMONDS (Clusters and Single Stones);

Rubies and Diamonds;

Topaz and Diamonds;

Amethysts and Diamonds.

STUDS.

Diamonds; Rubies; Emeralds;

And a full assortment of all other kinds

SILVERWARE

Spoons and Forks;

Cake and Peppercorns;

Fish and Butter Knives;

Pickle and Cheese Knives;

Derry and Preserver Spoons;

Ice Cream and Jelly Spoons;

Salt Cellars and Napkin Rings;

Salt Spoons and Forks;

Asparagus Tonges;

Flower Vases;

Child's Seats;

Card Cases and Porte Monnaies;

CUPS.

Fruit Stands;

Berry Bowls;

Pineapple and Water;

Goblets and Salvers;

Tea Services;

Dinner Services;

Soup Tureens;

Vegetable Dishes;

Terrapin Dishes;

Oyster Dishes;

Cake and Bread Dishes;

Castors;

Ice Cream Bowls;

And a full assortment of everything else.

PLATEDWARE

Full Assortment of Gorham & Co's

Platedware. Also, Full Assortment of

Roger's, Smith & Co's Platedware.

518 Front St., San Francisco.

Virginia, April 7-10:15 P. M. News has just reached here that eleven more men have just been found dead on the nine-hundred-foot station of the Crook Point. Efforts are being made to get them out as fast as possible. Air still continues good.

St. Louis, March 23d.—A movement is on foot in this and other cities to call an Irish National Convention. The object is to form a central bureau in New York, with auxiliary societies in all the States, for the purpose of furnishing aid and information to the Irish desiring to settle in this country on the general plan of emigrant societies.

The lady editor of a Minnesota paper declares against female suffrage.

## MAURICE DORE &amp; CO.,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK, AND GENERAL

Auctioneers.

Office and Salesroom, 327 Montgomery street.

H. A. COBB . . . Auctioneer.

THURSDAY . . . April 15, 1869

At 12 o'clock at Salesroom,

SPECIAL

CREDIT SALE

OF

SAUCELITO

PROPERTY.

The above Property, comprising

BUSINESS and HOMESTEAD

LOTS, and VILLA SITES, will be

offered to the Public without limit,

or reserve, on very easy terms, as

follows:

ONE-THIRD CASH; Balance in

one and two years, at ten per

cent. per annum interest,

OR,

TEN PER CENT. CASH; Balance

in 8 quarterly notes, bearing

ten per cent. per annum interest.

In addition to the above liberal

terms, the Purchaser of a lot will be

granted

A Free Pass

On the Company's Ferry for ONE

YEAR from the date of purchase.

And for two years to parties who

will build and improve their lots.

TITLE:

Lithograph Maps of the prop-

erty, and Circulars setting forth

more particularly its advantages, can

be had on application at our office.

MAURICE DORE, & CO.,

Auctioneers.

WINNER'S PERFECT

GUIDES

Violin, Flute and Guitar, Accordion

Piano, Melodion, Cabinet Organ,

Fife, Flageolet, and Clarinet.

Containing Instructions designed to enable

the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without

a teacher; with a choice collection of every

variety of Popular Music. Price of each 75 cents.

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtain-

ing a low priced Instruction Book, and at the

same time one that is useful and attractive will

find these books fully suited to their wants. The

instructions are given in a manner adapted to the

comprehension of all grades of scholars. The

exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons

are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and en-

livening, and the selections of music, varying

from the simple to the difficult, comprise the

most popular melodies of the day. Mailed, post-

paid, by DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Wash-

ington St., Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,

711 Broadway, New York.

NEW AND PRETTY

Piano Music for Beginners.

Fingered and suitable for Pupils who have taken

but one or two quarters' lessons.

CRYSTAL GEMS,

A Collection of easy and Brilliant Arrangements

by C. Rinkel:

1. Fairy Footsteps, Waltz. 2. Snowflake Polka.

3. Charming Schottische. 4. Romping Galop.

</



